

OCTOBER 1948
VOL. 8 NO. 7

Shadow Comics

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢

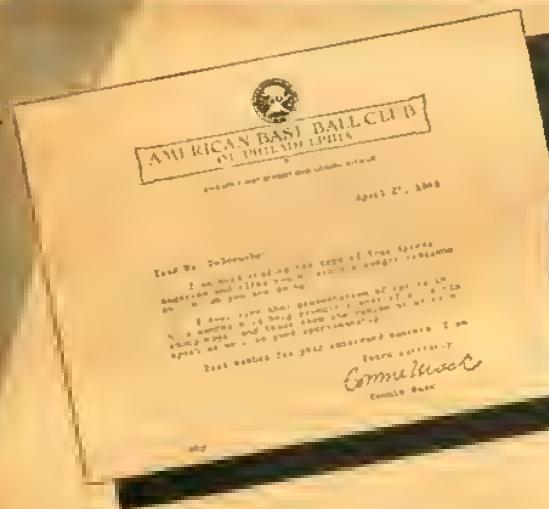


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A thrilling, mysterious
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52 PAGES—THE BEST BUY IN COMICS

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Connie Mack, the Champion of all Baseball Managers, approves the job we are doing for the American Youth in TRUE SPORT and in HOW CHAMPIONS PLAY, the magazine in which we publish reprints of our most famous "how to do it" sports articles.

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The Shadow in DANGER!



Powell

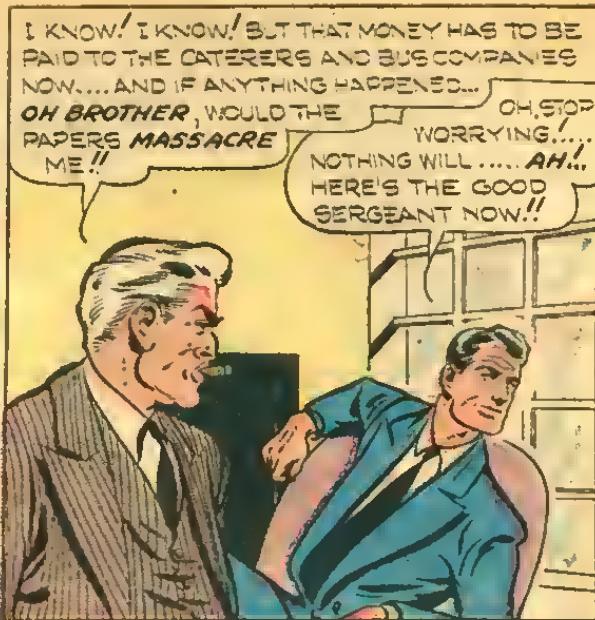
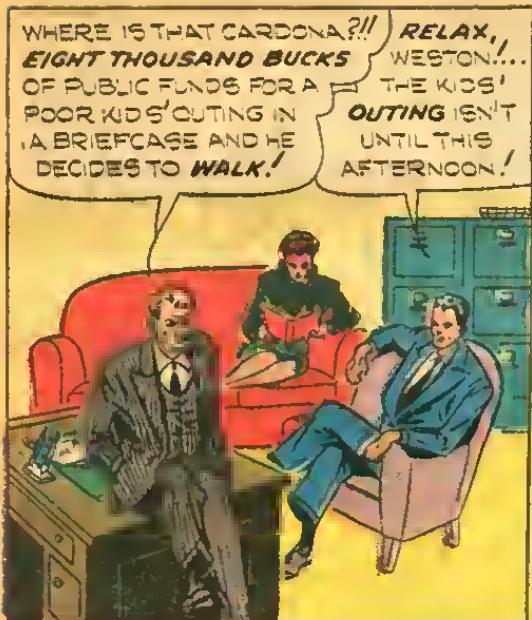
PART ONE

THE SHADOW, IS IN REALITY, LAMONT CRANSTON, WEALTHY YOUNG MANABOUT-TOWN... YEARS AGO, IN THE ORIENT, CRANSTON LEARNED THE SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS SO THEY CANNOT SEE HIM..... CRANSTON'S FRIEND MARGOT LANE, IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW BELONGS.....



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Printed in  the U.S.A.



TUNE IN

EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW



THRILLING ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS
FOR TIME AND STATION

NO!! JUST BECAUSE IT PICTURES A MAN IN THE DARK I DON'T SEE HOW PEOPLE WILL CONNECT IT WITH THE SHADOW...

OH FOO!! IT'S A DEAD GIVEAWAY AND EEK!! OH, LAMONT! LOOK AT THAT LOVELY HAT!!

...AND ONLY TEN DOLLARS!! ON WHAT COLLATERAL? QUICK!! LEND ME SOME MONEY....

I DON'T...??...

'SCUSE ME, BUD...GOTTA MATCH?



MIND WALKIN' OVER HERE TO THE WALL WHERE IT'S LESS WINDY?

WHY... NO, OF COURSE NOT.... MARGOT?...

NO....



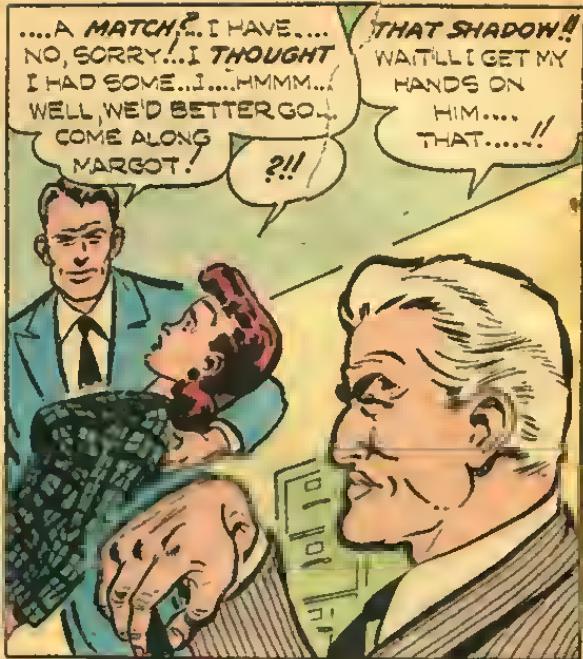
THAT'S IT... STEADY THANKS...GOODBYE....

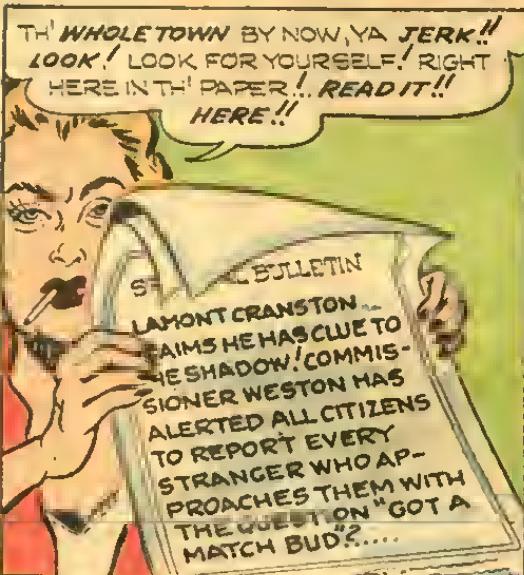
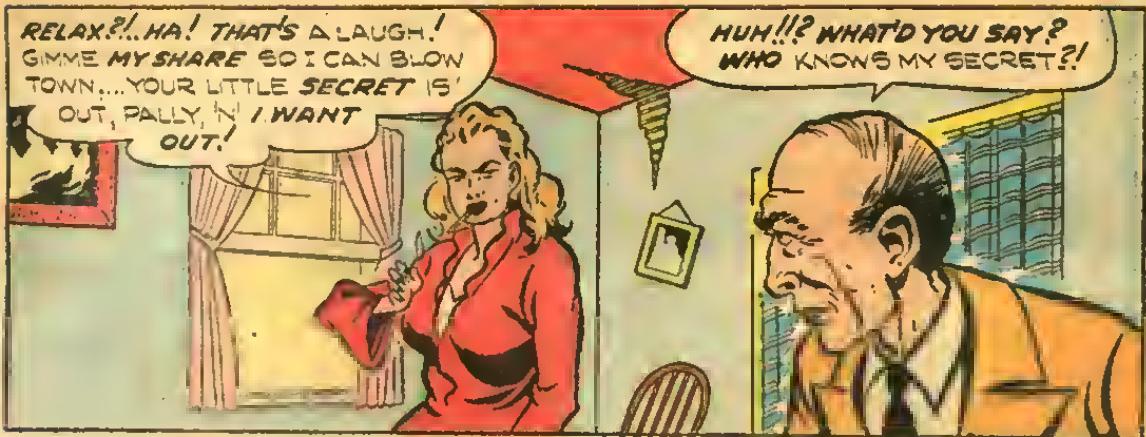


WELL, LAMONT?... ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME THE MONEY?..









PART TWO..... TWO HOURS LATER.....



OF COURSE NOT!... BUT HOW AM I GOING
TO PROVE HE DIDN'T!... AHRRG!... SOME-
BODY GIVE ME A LIGHT
BEFORE MY NERVES
STRANGLE ME.... I....
HERE'S A
MATCH....

THIS IS ONE... PUFF... SWEET... PUFF... MESS!..
HOW CAN I EXPLAIN AWAY
CARDONA'S GUN ON THE SCENE
OF.... HEY! LOOK!!



THESE MATCHES!.. LOOK AT THE COVER
DESIGN!.. DON'T YOU GET IT?! THE
SHADOW!!! THEY'RE THE SHADOW'S...
HE DID IT!!!



HALF AN HOUR LATER... SEE?.. I TOLD
YOU THEY WERE A DEAD GIVEAWAY!
BUT HOW'D THEY
GET INTO THAT
GIRL'S ROOM?!
THAT MAN I
GAVE THE
LIGHT TO....



WHAT MAN?! THAT MAN THAT SAID "GOT A
MATCH, BUD".... AT THE HAT
STORE... DON'T YOU
REMEMBER?!















NICK CARTER

MYSTERY COMES TO MARKET.....

YOUR MARKET
DOMESTIC & IMPORTED SPECIALTIES



MYRA BELL, YOUNG HOUSEWIFE, DOES HER SHOPPING FOR A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION...

BIG GOINGS ON TONIGHT
AT YOUR HOUSE, MRS.
BELL... YOU
PRACTICALLY BOUGHT
OUT THE HOUSE!

UH-HU... MARRIED
TWO YEARS TODAY...
I'M GOING TO COOK
A DINNER THAT
CONSISTS OF ALL
MY HUSBAND'S
FAVORITES!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER AS SHE COMES FROM HER OWN GARAGE....



4

'FROM LITTLE ACORNS GREAT OAKS GROW' AS THE SAYING GOES... AND... FROM LITTLE CRIMES THERE IS NO TELLING HOW LARGE THE FOLLOWING CRIMES WILL GROW. IN "MYSTERY COMES TO MARKET" NICK CARTER STARTED OUT WITH A CRIME ALMOST BENEATH HIS NOTICE AND ENDED UP WITH AN INTERNATIONAL SWINDLE....



3

HALFWAY TO HER HOUSE, SHE IS UNAWARE THAT A CAR HAS PICKED UP HER TRAIL...

4

5

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, HER HUSBAND RETURNS HOME...

MYRA!

THANK HEAVEN SHE'S
ALIVE... STILL BREATHING!
I'VE GOT TO CALL A
DOCTOR!

LATER, AFTER THE DOCTOR HAS ASCERTAINED
THE INJURY IS ONLY A SLIGHT CONCUSSION...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT... HER MONEY IS
IN HER PURSE...
ONLY THE GROCERIES...
THE BOX OF GROCERIES
STOLEN...

IT'S A MYSTERY
ALL RIGHT... WHY
WOULD SOMEONE
TRY TO KILL A
HELPLESS WOMAN
FOR A FEW DOLLARS
WORTH OF
GROCERIES?

... AND... AND... SNIFF.. SNIFF..
WORST OF ALL... OUR... ANNIVERSARY
RUINED... SOB... SOB... AND I WAS
GOING TO COOK SUCH A
WONDERFUL MEAL ... BOO-HOO!

THERE,
THERE,
HONEY...

THERE WILL BE OTHER
ANNIVERSARIES AND
OTHER MEALS....
MEANWHILE, YOU'D
BETTER GET SOME
SLEEP, YOUNG LADY...
'NIGHT!

AFTER MYRA IS ASLEEP, BEN BELL GREETS
UNEXPECTED VISITORS...

NICK CARTER...
AND PATSY!

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY...
JUST DROPPED BY TO
EXTEND OUR
GREETINGS!

WHERE'S
MYRA?

BEN EXPLAINS THE MYSTERIOUS THEFT.

... AND THAT'S IT, NICK...
I FOUND HER IN
THE DRIVE WAY.
SHE HAS NO IDEA
WHO DID IT... NOR
WHY THEY ONLY
TOOK HER
GROCERIES

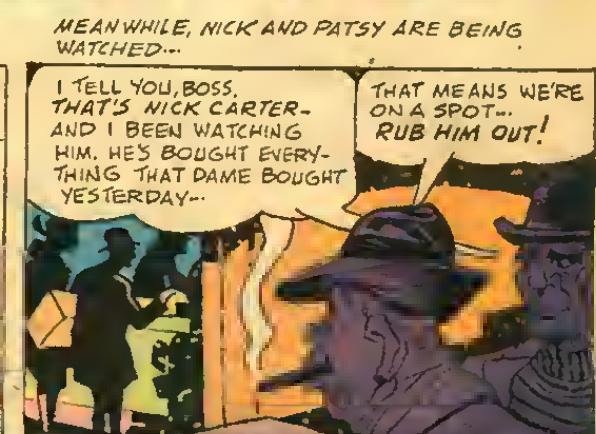
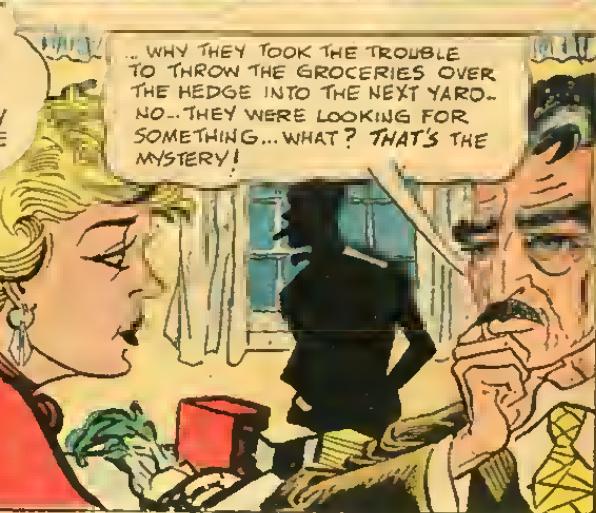
HMM... I'D LIKE TO LOOK
AROUND OUTSIDE...
ALSO, SEE IF YOU CAN
FIND MYRA'S SHOPPING
LIST IN HER PURSE... A
LOOK AT THAT MIGHT
PROVE INTERESTING...

NICK CARTER...
YOUR NOSE IS
TWITCHING! I CAN
SEE YOU'VE GOT
SOME IDEAS ABOUT
THIS CASE!



TUNE IN
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**

OVER MUTUAL NETWORK



SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER



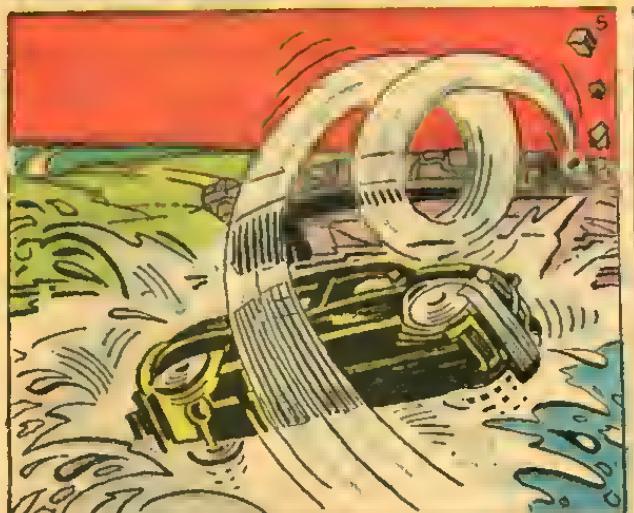
AGAIN THE DESPERADOES PREPARE TO FOLLOW IN A CAR
BUT THIS TIME WITH A DEADLY PURPOSE...

WELL, NICK? ARE YOU ANY CLOSER TO A SOLUTION THAN YOU WERE BEFORE WE SPENT FIFTEEN DOLLARS ON GROCERIES?

FRANKLY NO... BUT DON'T THINK THEY'RE WASTED... YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THEM TO GOOD USE IN MYRA'S AND BEN'S KITCHEN AND SURPRISE THEM BOTH TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR LOST ANNIVERSARY DINNER. I'LL BE BACK SOON.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HERE'S OUR CHANCE! GET YOUR ROD OUT! JUST BEFORE THEY GET TO THE BIG TRUCK... BLOW THEIR TIRE... THE TRUCK WILL SMEAR 'EM ALL OVER THE PLACE!



LATER—

AS YET, THE BODY OF NICK CARTER, DETECTIVE, HAS NOT BEEN FOUND. RIVER CREWS ARE DRAGGING THE BOTTOM AS FAR DOWN AS MILLTOWN...

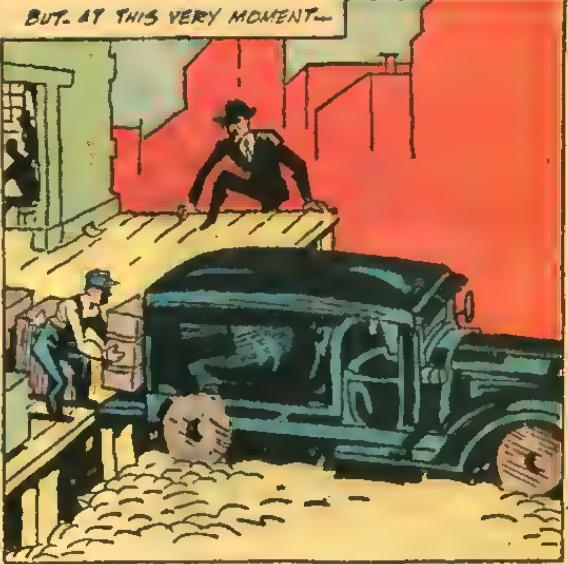
ETC. ETC.

HE'S PROBABLY SUNK IN THE MUD...

DON'T WORRY, BOSS... IT'S THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF NICK CARTER...

YEAH... IF HE WAS ON TO OUR RACKET, HE'LL NEVER TALK NOW!

BUT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT—



?
CLUGH!

GRISLEY LTD
SCOTCH PARTRIDGE
VIA AIR TRANSIT
LOCKS TO THE
UNITED STATES

NICK DELIVERS A 'SILENCER'...



IF WHAT I FIND HERE IS WHAT I THINK, I'LL CRACK THIS CASE WIDE OPEN...



BUT BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE...

SO YOU'RE NOT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER, CARTER! HEHEHE... WELL... YOU SOON WILL BE... I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

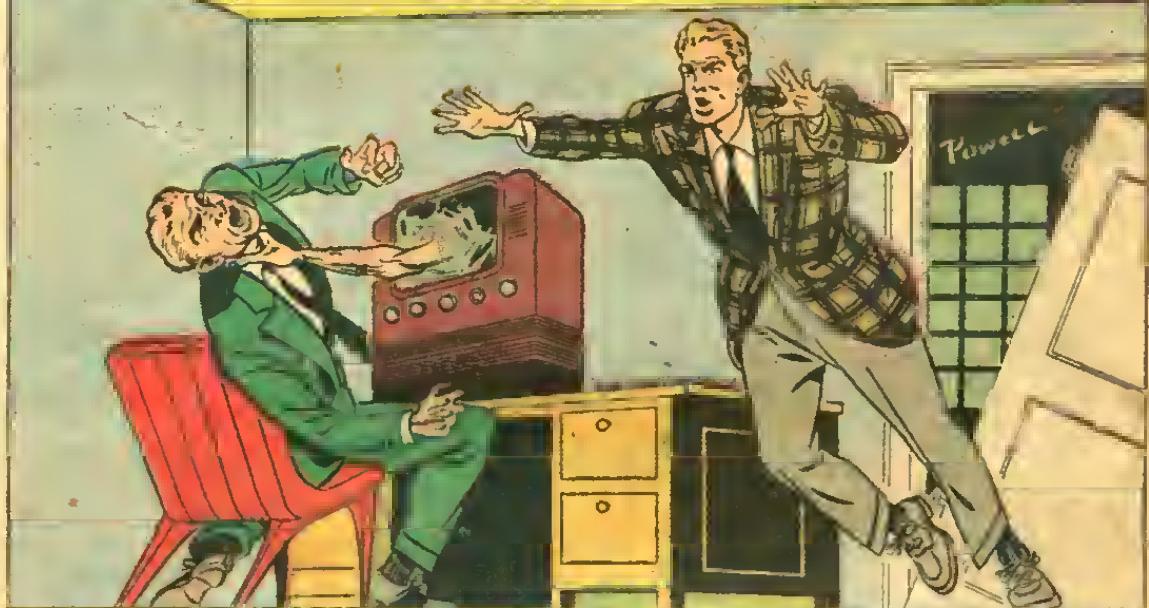




A FEW MINUTES LATER...



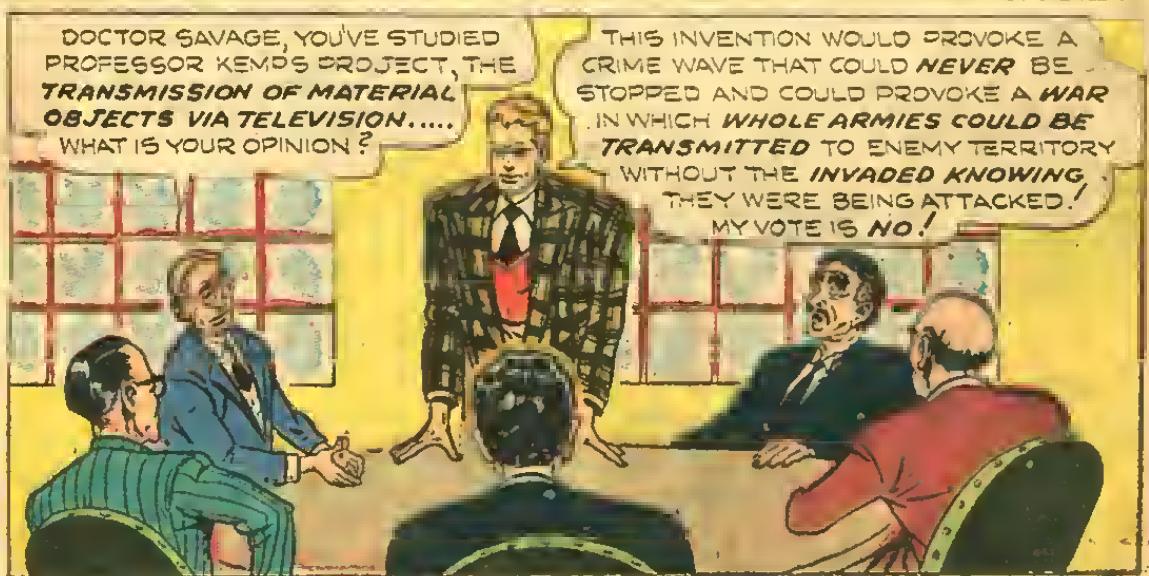
DOC **SAVAGE** THE **TELEVISION PERIL**

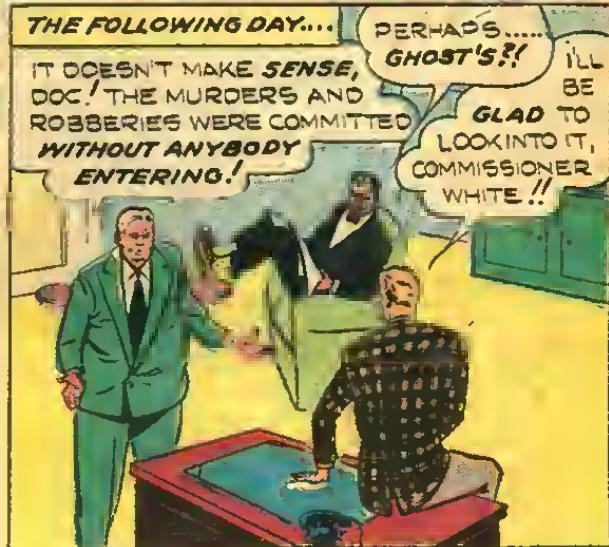
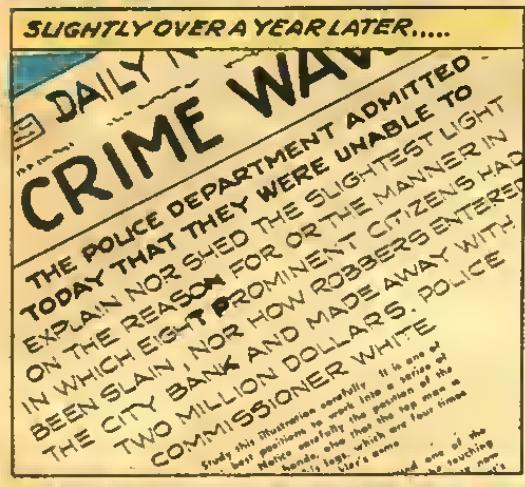


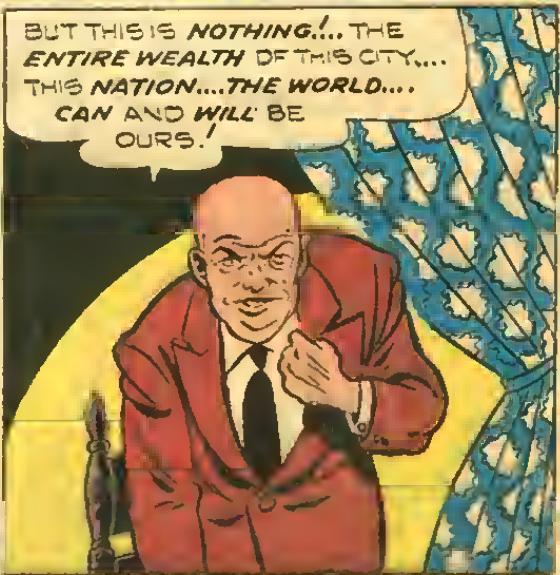
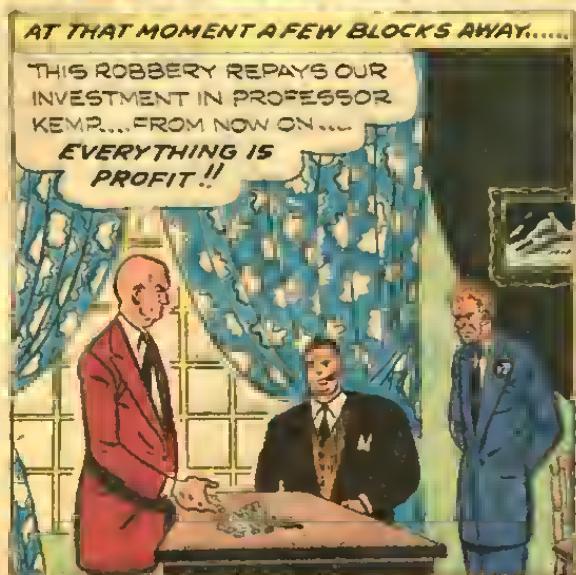
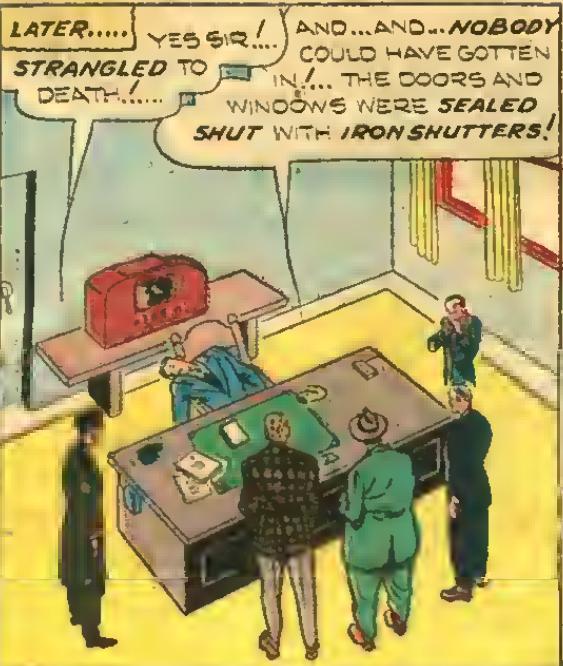
DOC SAVAGE IS CALLED TO WASHINGTON TO GIVE AN OPINION REGARDING THE PRACTICABILITY OF A PROPOSED EXPERIMENT.....

DOCTOR SAVAGE, YOU'VE STUDIED PROFESSOR KEMD'S PROJECT, THE TRANSMISSION OF MATERIAL OBJECTS VIA TELEVISION.....
WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

THIS INVENTION WOULD PROVOKE A CRIME WAVE THAT COULD NEVER BE STOPPED AND COULD PROVOKE A WAR IN WHICH WHOLE ARMIES COULD BE TRANSMITTED TO ENEMY TERRITORY WITHOUT THE INVADERS KNOWING THEY WERE BEING ATTACKED!
MY VOTE IS NO!







AND FROM THAT DAY MORE BANKS ARE ROBBED.....

....AND MORE MEN FACE SUDDEN DEATH.....



I CAN'T THINK OF ONE POSSIBLE WAY THESE CRIMES ARE BEING COMMITTED!!

DOC....FOR PETE'S SAKETHINK! THE CRIMES ARE GETTING BIGGER.... THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE IT WILL END!!



....AND THE FINANCIAL COMBINE DIVIDE THEIR STOLEN RICHES.....

AND SO, GENTLEMEN....WE'VE ENOUGH WEALTH TO DO SOME LEGITIMATE BUSINESS.... WE ARE GOING TO BUY AN ARMY!!

AN ARMY?
YOU'RE JOKING!

SILENCE, FOOLS!...I'VE ALREADY NEGOTIATED FOR THE SALE WITH A LARGE BUT IMPOVERISHED FOREIGN POWER....WITH THEIR ARMY WE'LL CONQUER THE WORLD!!



DOC, DOC! NIGHT 'N' DAY, YOU KEEP THINKING ABOUT THESE CRIMES... YOU NEVER RELAX...YOU DON'T THINK CLEARLY....RELAX!.... IT'S TIME FOR THE FIGHTS... LET'S WATCH 'EM!!!

DON'T BOTHER ME MONK!

COME ON BRUISER! LEAD WITH THAT LEFT!!!!



WOW!...WHAT A TAP!... I ALMOST FELT LIKE KID RANGER PUSHED HIS FIST THROUGH THE SCREEN AND SOCKED ME!!

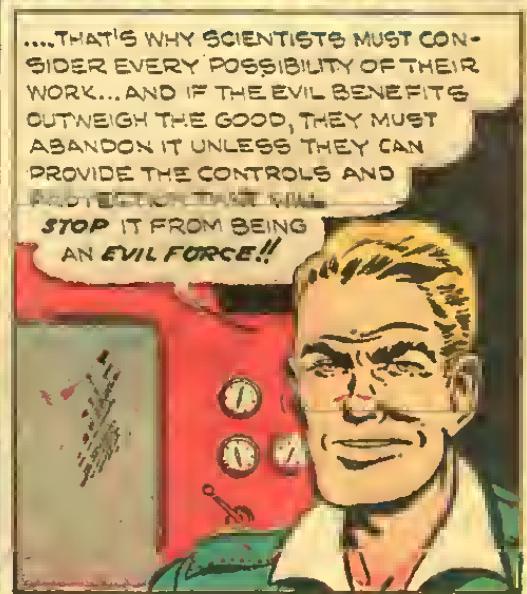
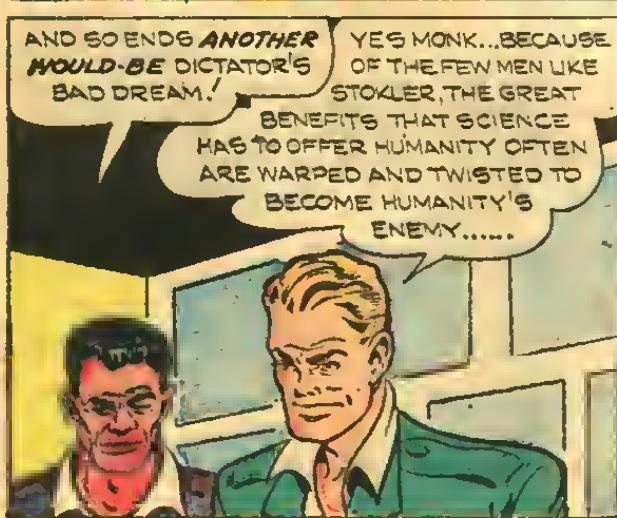
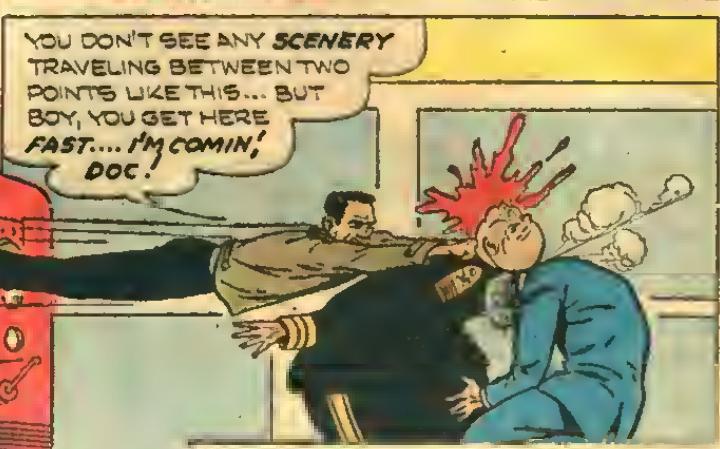
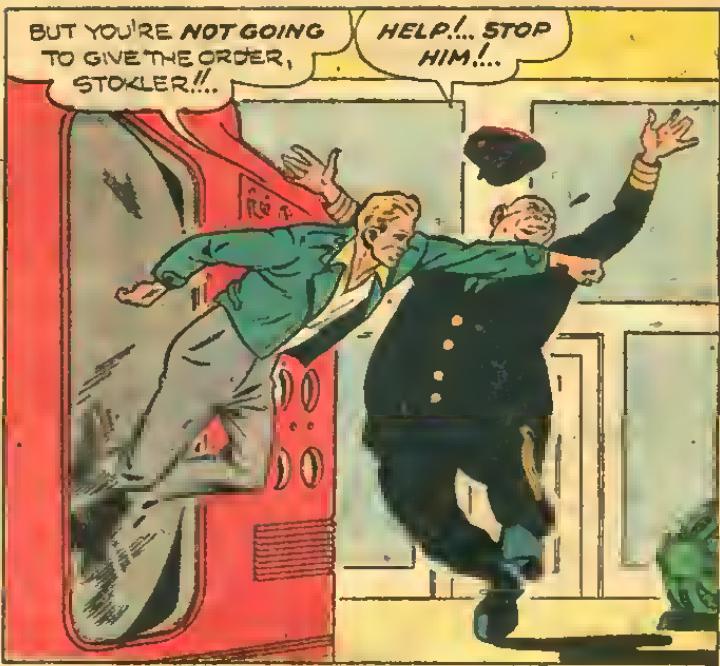
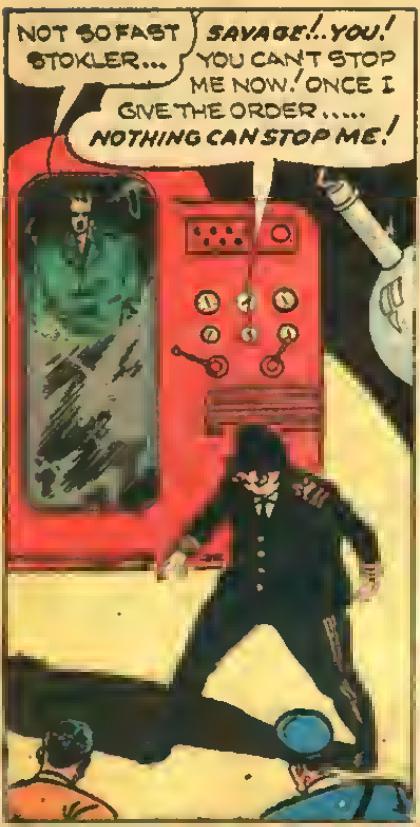
WHAT?...WHAT DID YOU SAY!

DOC...HAVE YOU REMEMBER PROFESSOR GONE NUTS!?! KEMP'S IDEA?..... MATERIAL TRANSMISSION VIA TELEVISION?.... THAT'S IT MONK! SOMEHOW...HE GOT HIS WORK FINANCED..... MURDERS AND THIEVES ARE BEING TRANSMITTED VIA TELEVISION!!







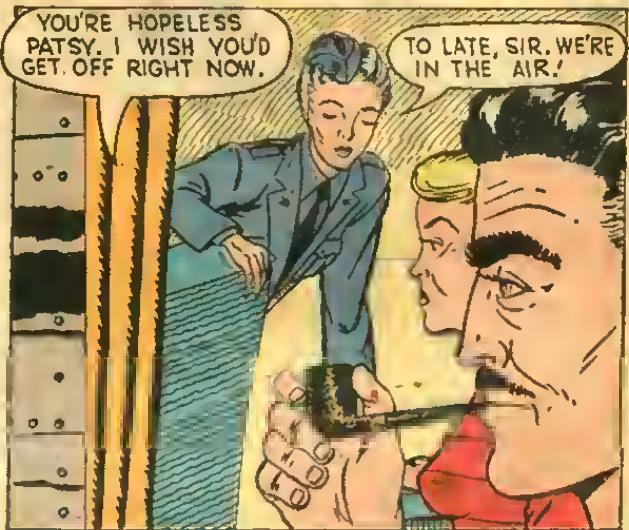
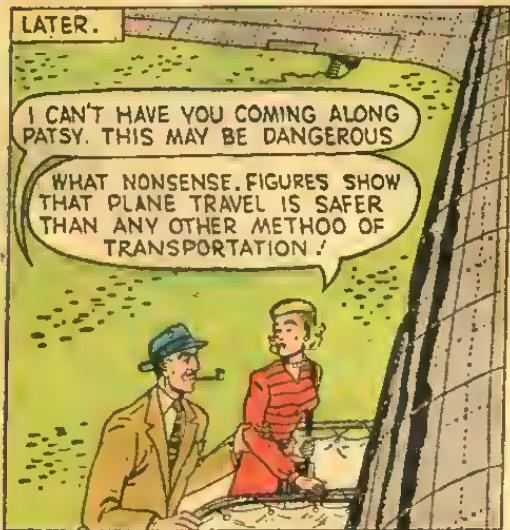


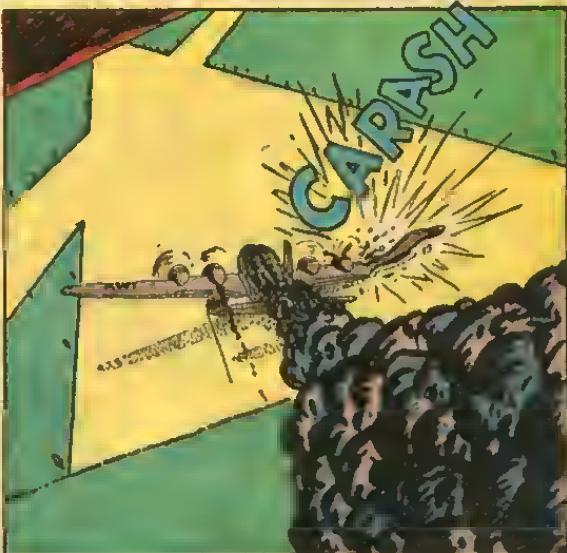
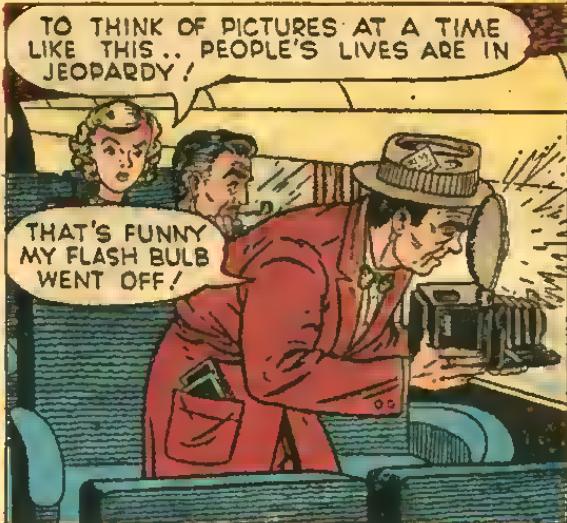
NICK CARTER

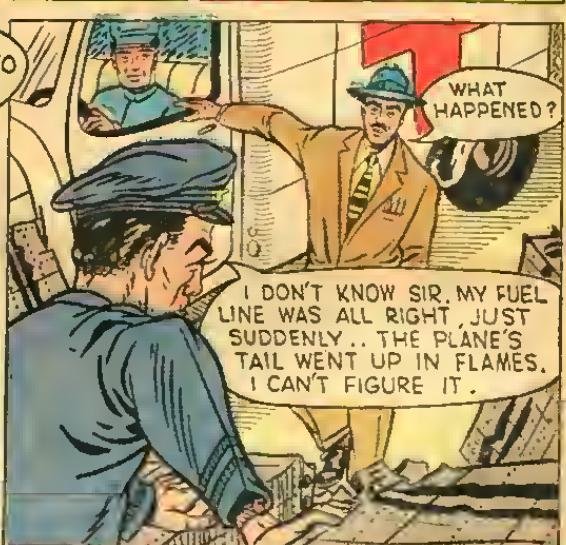
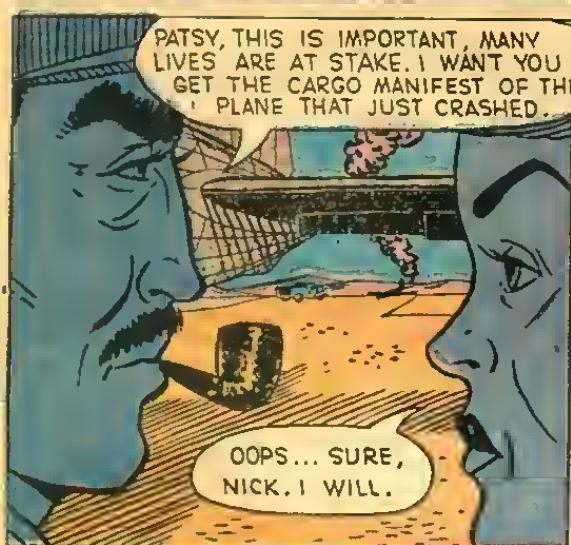
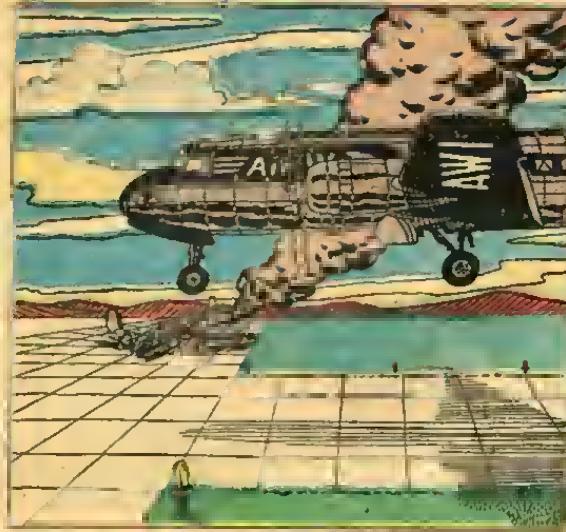


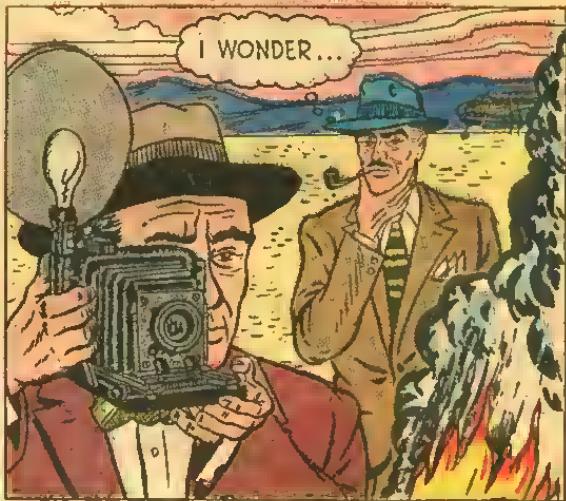
WHAT EVIL FATE DOGGED THE PLANES
OF AIR WAYS INC.? FINE, BRAND NEW
PLANES BROUGHT DOWN OUT OF THE SKY
FLAMING TO THEIR DEATHS...THE ANSWER
CAME TO NICK CARTER IN A FLASH...

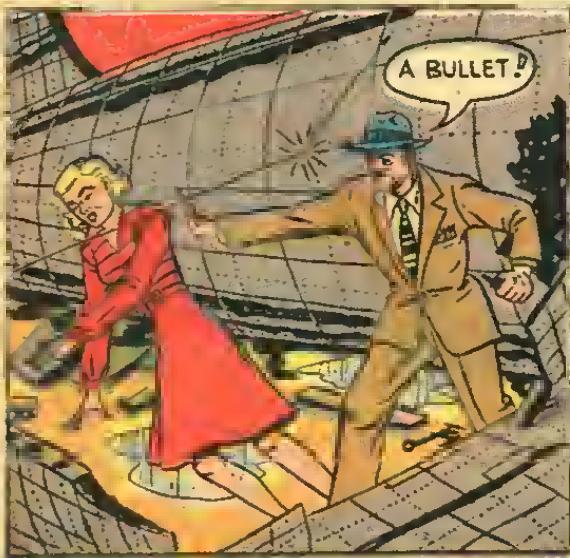
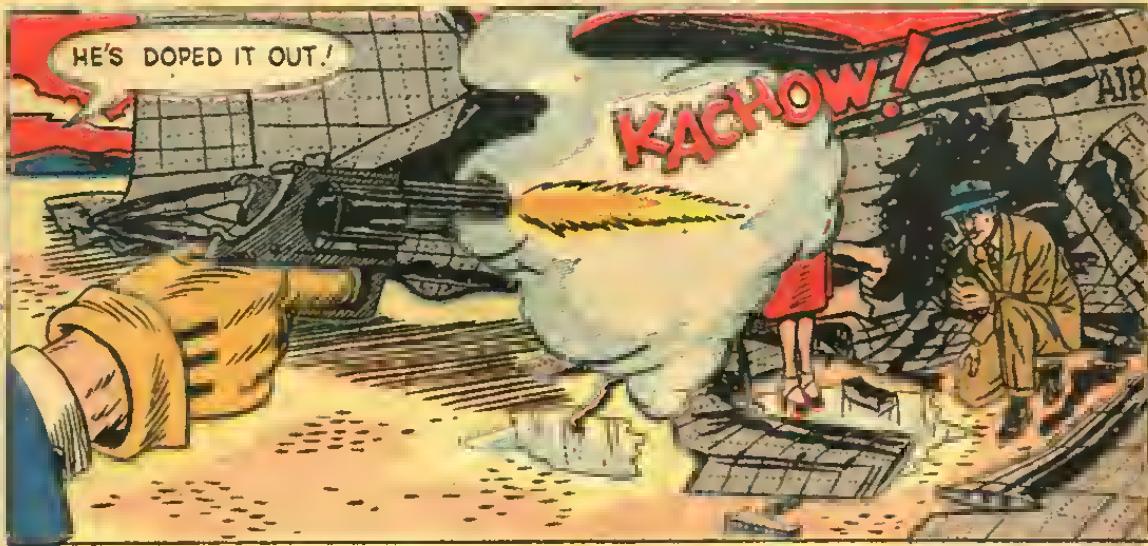
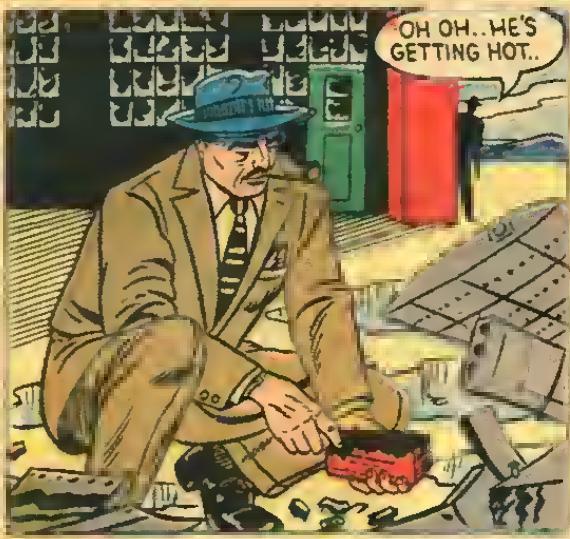




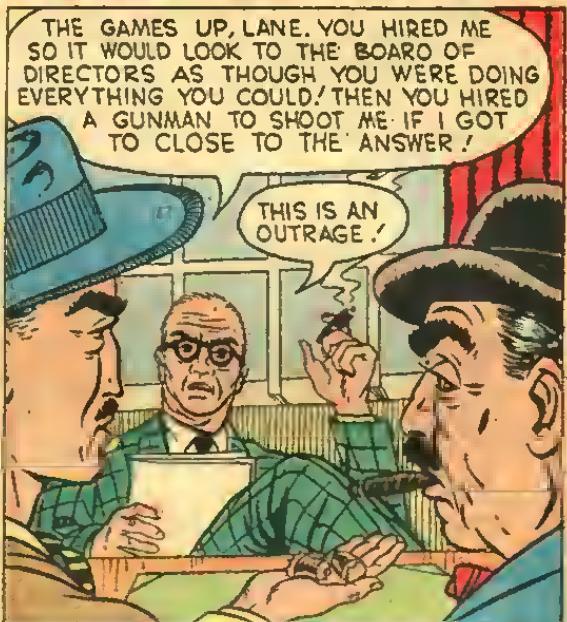






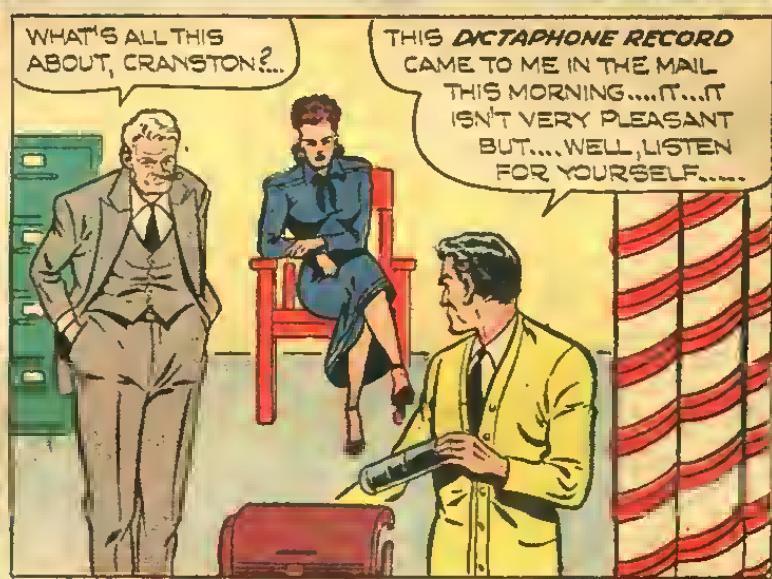






the Shadow

DREAM OF DEATH



I'D COME DOWN STAIRS AND HAD PICKED UP THE PAPER WHEN I NOTICED.....

...THIS IS SUNDAY'S PAPER....OUT TODAY?... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THIS IS SATURDAY ISN'T IT?....

WHY...NO, DEAR.. IT'S SUNDAY!

IT CAN'T BE!! YOU MEAN I SLEPT THROUGH THIRTY-SIX HOURS?!... I REMEMBER GOING TO BED FRIDAY.... YOU WENT TO WORK AS USUAL YESTERDAY.... AND EVEN GOT ME OUT OF BED TO HELP YOU BRING UP THAT OLD STEAMER TRUNK!



THE....? WHAT ON EARTH FOR?!
I CAN'T BELIEVE....MADGE, I
CANNOT RECALL ONE SINGLE
INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED
YESTERDAY.... ARE
YOU SURE??

OF COURSE,
DEAR!...
YOU GOT
UP... OH!...
THERE'S THE
'PHONE....



I LEFT THEN..... DETERMINED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF MY LOST SATURDAY... I WENT TO THE ADDRESS MY UNKNOWN CALLER GAVE ME AND AFTER BEING ADMITTED INTO THE DIRTY BACKROOM OF A DIRTY SHOP, BY A DIRTY CHARACTER CALLED POP, I WAS GREETED BY A TYPICAL COMIC BOOK GANGSTER, WHO WASTED NO TIME PULLING OUT A TRUNK... IT WAS MINE ALL RIGHT... AND IN IT WAS THE BRUTALLY GASHED BODY OF MY FRIEND, HOWARD NOSTRAND....

HELLO.... YES.... WHO?... GRIMES?.. I MET YOU YESTERDAY?.. I BROUGHT... IN.... A... TRUNK?.. I DON'T.... ALL RIGHT... WHAT'S THE ADDRESS... YES... AT ONCE... GOODBYE!....



GOOD HEAVENS....!! YEH!..THASS JUS' TH WAY I FELT TOO, MAC....



WHEN YA BARGED IN HERE YESTERDAY SAYIN' YA HAD A HOT LOAD IN TH' TRUNK, I TOUGHT YOUSE MEANT FURS 'R' SOMETHIN'...THOSE I DEAL IN...BUT STIFFS...UH UH!...IT WAS A GOOD GAG.... HA HA...BUT NOW WHAT?

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE,
I DON'T REMEMBER...
DID I KILL HIM?....



YOUSE BROUGHT IN TH' BODY, PAL...IN' YOUSE SAID THAT NEXT YOU'D GET LAMONT CRANSTON...IN' THEN A GUY NAMED BOWERS....

NO!!
I MUST BE MAD!..THE POLICE!
I'VE GOT TO CALL THE POLICE AND GIVE MYSELF UP!



NOT FROM HERE YOUSE NICE DON'T, MISTER... GOIN', MMFF!! TA! GRIMESY... TA!... SWEET I'LL GIVE 'MA DREAMS! SHOT OF DOPE 'N' THEN WE KIN TAKE 'IM HOME...

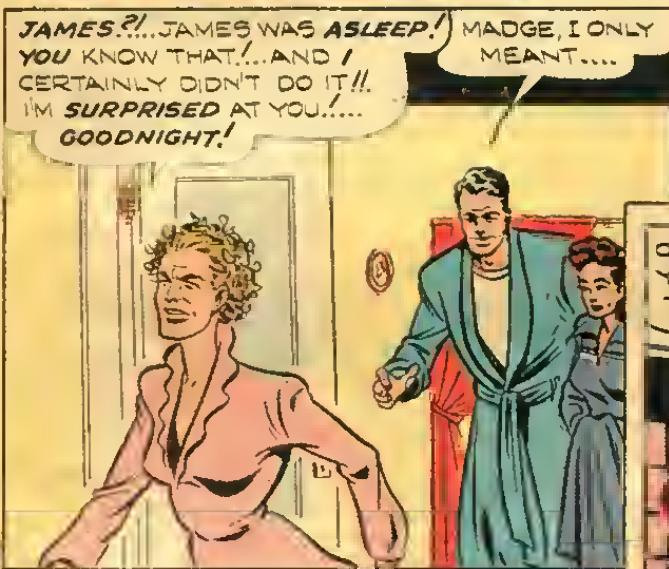


....AND SO IT WAS THAT AN HOUR LATER I STAGGERED UP THE STAIRS OF THE HOUSE COMPLETELY DAZED AND

MUTTERING THAT I HAD TO CALL LAMONT TO WARN HIM OF MY MADNESS...HOWEVER, IT WAS LAMONT WHO OPENED THE DOOR...







I...I'LL TELL YOU...I KILLED A
MAN YESTERDAY...I DON'T
REMEMBER DOING IT, BUT A
MAN NAMED GRIMES SAID I
DID...AND MADGE
PRACTICALLY
VERIFIED
IT!!

BUT YOU
ONLY HAVE
GRIME'S WORD
THAT YOU DID IT...



YES, BUT...AND HE TOLD ME
THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO MAKE
AN ATTACK ON LAMONT
CRANSTON TONIGHT...AND
A MAN NAMED BOWERS
LATER...



I MUST BE DOING THESE
THINGS...MADGE SAID I'VE
BEEN ACTING QUEERLY
AND SHE WOULDN'T LIE
TO ME...I'M A
KILLER!!



I MUST DO THESE TERRIBLE
THINGS IN MY SLEEP...AND
MADGE'S REMARKS PROVE
IT!! I...I'M SO
TIRED!

I THINK
YOU'RE INNOCENT!
AND I'M GOING TO MAKE
A 'PHONE CALL AND
THEN STAY WITH YOU
ALL NIGHT TO SEE
THAT YOU DON'T
LEAVE!



AND SO IT WAS THAT LATER
THAT NIGHT GRIMES AND
POP WENT TO VISIT HIRAM
BOWERS, A HARMLESS
OLD RECLUSE LIVING
DOWN THE STREET...

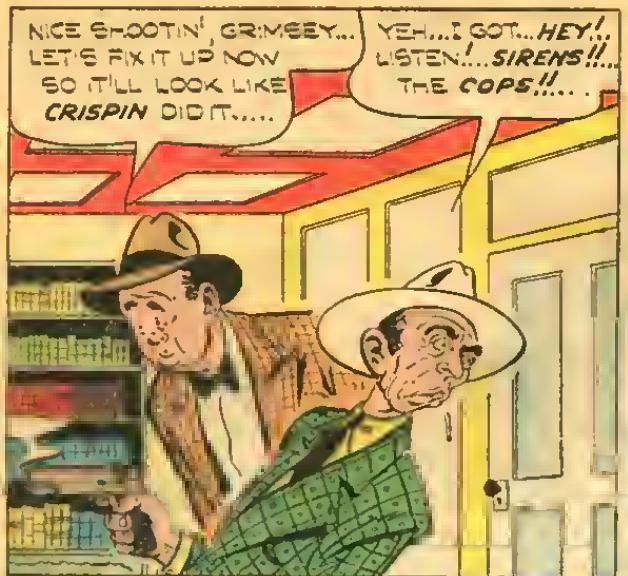
WHAT DO
Y'WANT? I
DON'T KNOW
YOU...I'VE
NEVER HURT
ANYONE...

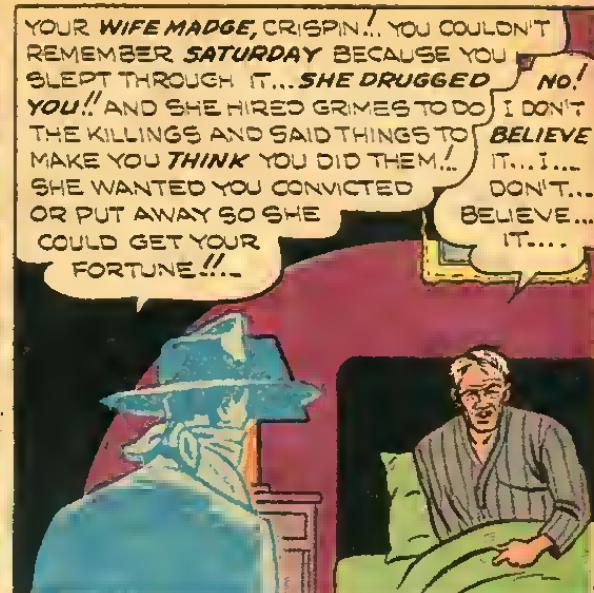
NOISY OLD
DUCK, AIN'T
HE?... HE WON'T
BE...



NO!...PLEASE!!
NO!!...UGH!!
UHHHH....







Attention BOYS!

"It's Sweeping the Country"

THE NEWEST MOST FASCINATING

Hobby Club in The World!



The RAISED EAGLE Club

A-11 Good Conduct



A-129 Navy Pres. Citation



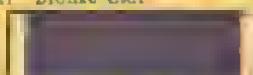
A-59 Dist. Serv. Cross



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THE IMPOSSIBLE MURDER!

"The window washer wrung out his cloth. He put it in the front of his belt. He un-snapped his safety belt and straddled his way from the now clean window to the next one. The soot and dirt of the city had made this window filthy. He snapped his belt onto the projecting loops and reached down for his cloth. Only then did he look through the smudgy window. It was partly open. He was in the action of pulling it all the way closed when his eyes focused on the scene inside the room."

Nick Carter cleared his throat and looked at the expectant members of the Inner Circle. "There in the office room he saw a man falling forward on his face. From his back the haft of a knife made an ugly projection. There was no one in the room but the man on the floor. The window washer had been in the South Pacific in the war. Sudden death was no novelty to him. He looked at the knife in the man's back, looked at the door of the office. It was the only door and it was closed. He turned around, swinging out against the resistance of his belt. Directly opposite was another window. It was ten feet away across an airshaft. The knife could have been thrown from that window, the window washer thought, except that the window was closed and there was no one in the office. He looked up. No, the angle was too sharp. A knife thrown from above would not have been able to enter the partly closed window that faced on the dying man.

"Even as the dying man made a feeble motion, the window washer realized that it was all over. There was a curious relaxation of the dying man's body. Death was now the sole occupant of the room."

Taking a drink of water, Nick said, "The window washer called the police and they called me. It was a curiously disturbing case.

The knife in the dead man's body was peculiarly weighted. The blade was heavy and leaf shaped. The haft weighed almost nothing. In essence it was a throwing knife!"

Nick looked at the members of the Inner Circle. He repeated. "A throwing knife and yet . . . there seemed to be no way from which the weapon could have been thrown. The police investigated the dead man's affairs. He was in dire financial straits. He blamed all his troubles on a man named Squire. As it happened, Squire was the occupant of the office across the airshaft. In the dead man's effects the police found correspondence between the dead man, Baxter and this other man, Squire. Squire's letters were very irate indeed. They spoke of how fed up he was with Baxter's threats . . . that he, Squire was not going to stand for much more from Baxter . . ."

Looking at the members Nick said, "Squire was in an awkward spot. The police questioned him and he told them of how he had been Baxter's partner at one time. They had broken up and there was bad feeling on both sides. Baxter went around town saying that he'd kill Squire on sight . . ."

Chick, Nick Carter's talented foster son, interjected, "If Squire had been found dead and if we had heard about Baxter's wild threats why . . . there would have been nothing to it. Baxter would have been held on suspicion at least. The only trouble was that it was Baxter who was dead."

Beef called out, "It seems clear to me. Squire got fed up with Baxter's threats and decided to shut him up once and for all."

Nick smiled. "Yes that's what the police felt too. The only problem was . . . how! The window washer saw Baxter dying at four o'clock. He called the police shortly after

that.' They checked and re-checked on Squire's whereabouts. Fortunately for him he didn't get back to his office till after the death of Baxter! .

"He was at a business conference from three to four fifteen! He had ten men who would swear to that!" Nick shook his head. "No the solution isn't that easy. If it hadn't been for a scratch on some metal the case might have gone down on the police blotter as unsolved."

"You were the only one who saw that, Dad!" Chick said proudly at Nick.

Nick shrugged deprecatorily. "There was the mysterious phone call too! That helped. You see," Nick turned back to the members. "Squire received a phone call during his conference. It was an urgent one and Squire said that if the conference hadn't been so important to him he would have answered it. As it was he had his secretary leave his phone off the hook hoping that he'd be able to run into the phone if the conference slowed down for a bit. As it happened and very luckily for Squire, he couldn't get away at the time..

"That call came from Baxter!" Nick said cryptically.

"Baxter phoned his mortal enemy?" Beef said incredulously.

Nick nodded. "I am sure of it although there is no proof and there can't be, because you can't trace a dial phone call. Let's hold that off for a moment, though.

"When I arrived at Baxter's office I looked at the throwing knife, at the angle at which it had entered the corpse's back at the window. I looked across the way at Squire's office. There seemed to be no doubt that the knife could have been thrown across the intervening space.

"The window washer swore that the window across the way was closed but the knife thrower could have thrown the knife down the window down and been out of the office before the window washer saw anything amiss.

"But I didn't feel that that was the answer. I looked around Baxter's office. It was a normal business man's office but for one thing. Filing cabinets were all around the walls.

"Baxter's body made a right angle with the

wall in which the window was set. I looked down at his body again. Something bothered my eye but I couldn't put my finger on it. More to have something to do than because I had thought the thing out I looked at the filing cabinet nearest to the window.

I saw a scratch in the third drawer from the floor."

Chick laughed. "And this scratch solved the secret of how a knife could come from nowhere!"

Beef stirred in his chair. "I don't get it. Phone calls... scratched... what have they got to do with all this?"

"Just this," Nick said. "That phone call to Squire was from Baxter. He put the call through, the red Squire's secretary say. 'Hold the line please, Mr. Squire will be right here.' Baxter thought that Squire was coming. He had phrased his call in such a way that he knew that Squire would not have his secretary in the room when he answered the call.

"Baxter hung up his phone so there would be no evidence. Then he went ahead with his plan."

"Baxter had a plan?" Beef asked incredulously.

"Yes," Nick agreed. "You see, Baxter committed suicide!"

"With a throwing knife!" Chick added. "He depended on the fact that we would see a throwing knife and assume that because it was what it was that we'd think it had to be thrown."

"Instead of which," Nick went on, "Baxter jammed the knife in between the drawer and the body of the filing cabinet. The hilt of a throwing knife is very slim and it fitted perfectly. He hung up his phone and then threw his body backwards against the knife!

"When his body relaxed and he fell to the floor he fell with the knife sticking in him!"

"But why?" Beef asked.

"Vengeance!" Nick said and his face was grim. "He hated Squire so much that he was willing to die to get even! He probably died smiling, thinking that Squire would go to the chair for his 'murder'!"

On that sardonic note the meeting of the Inner Circle ended.

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